The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol ⟶ (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

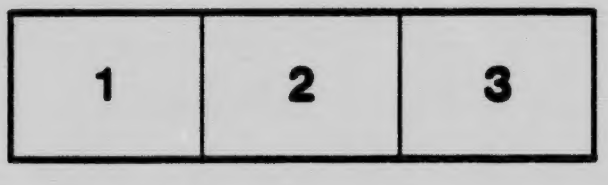
Bibliothèque de référence de la communauté urbaine de Toronto

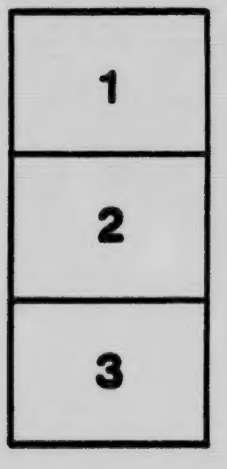
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

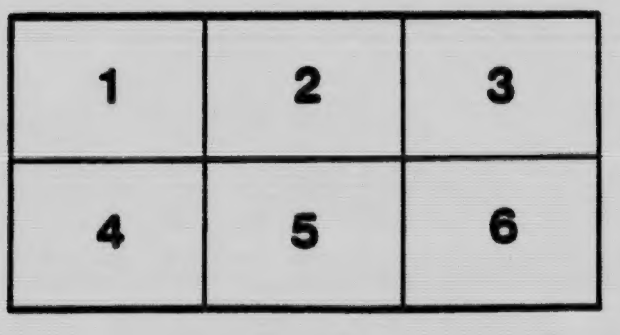
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

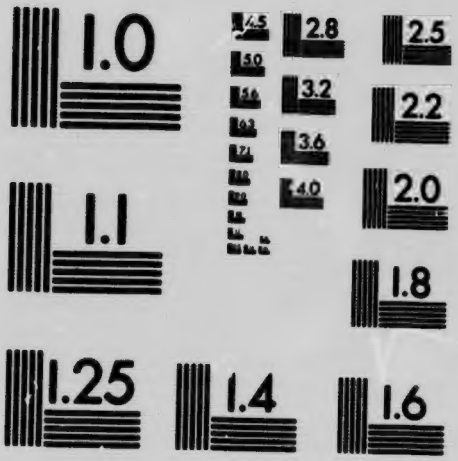
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole ⟶ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.









MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

TOASTS

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

SELECTED BY

ANET MADISON

TORONTO

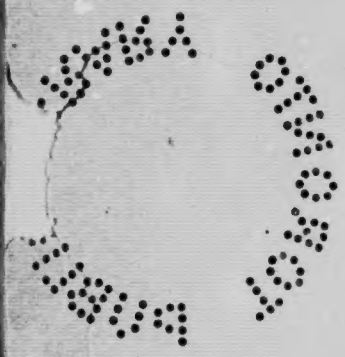
THE COPP, CLARK CO., LIMITED

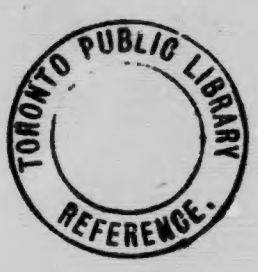
PUBLISHERS

147977
1

Copyright, 1908,
by
The Reilly & Britton Co.

147977





DEC 27 1933

NOTE

The main toasts herein have been, for the sake of convenience in reference, arranged in the alphabetical order of their first lines. The "tags" at the foot of each page could not be placed in a similar way, but reference to the topical index in the back of the book will aid in locating any desired toast or quip.

So far as possible the authors' names are given, but the toasts have been gathered from many sources, and in numerous cases the authors' names could not be ascertained.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread,—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

7

Beware of spooning and mooning.

A cheery welcome as you turn the door;
Some rum—two "fingers" and you'll wish it four,
Sets the ball a-rolling
Every heart controlling—
The while our table gathers one face more.

Drinking kindness is drunken friendship.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"

—HOOD.

9

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"

—HOOD.

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

—O'KEEFE.

Oh! Be thou blest with that heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure—and a friend.

—POPE.

A health for the future, a sigh for the past,—
We love, we remember, we hope to the last;
And for all the bare lies that the almanacs hold,
While we've youth in our hearts, we can never grow old.

—HOLMES.

Here's to the only true language of love: "A kiss."

—DE MUSSET.

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends
For certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.

When I said I should die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live till I were married.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

—BURNS.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. —WESLEY.

A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

—BURNS.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. —WESLEY.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain,
Is to love, but love in vain.

—COWLEY.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

—TENNYSON.

A pipe, a book, a fire, a friend,
A stein that's always full;
Here's to the joys of a bachelor's life,
A life that is never dull.

To the Bachelor,—who is always free!
To the Husband,—who, sometime, may be!

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall;
Made for the man, of whom she is a part,
Made to attract his eyes and keep his heart!

—DRYDEN.

16

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up!

—SOUTHEY.

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears;
To-morrow!—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years!

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

They that drink deepest live longest.

TOASTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears;
To-morrow!—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years!

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

All care to the wind we merrily fling,
For the damp, cold grave is a dead sure thing!
It's a dead sure thing we're alive tonight
And the damp, cold grave is out of sight.
(Toast of the Vampire Club.)

—JAROLD.

The moment passed is no longer; the future may never be; the present is all of which man is master.

—ROUSSEAU.

Along, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of tinkers;
And quaff up a bowl
As big as a cowl
To beer drinkers.

—HERRICK.

A quart of ale is a dish for a King.

—SHAKESPEARE.

And if the wine you drink, the lips you press,
Ends in what all begins and ends in—yes,
Think then you are to-day, what yesterday
You were, to-morrow you shall not be less.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

We'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are transitory and show men merely mortal.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

And let the Loving-Cup go round,
The cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows when e'er we meet—my boys.
No draught will hold a drop of sin,
If love is only well stirred in
To keep it sound and sweet—my boys,
To keep it sound and sweet.

—HOLMES.

May the beam in the glass never destroy the ray in the mind.

And nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

—BURNS.

adies' toast: The soldiers of America. Their arms our defence, our arms their reward. Fall in, men, fall in.

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

—SHELLEY.

Love is the only good in the world. Henceforth be loved as heart can love, or brain devise, or hand approve.

—BROWNING.

At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim
That there is one who drinks to you,
And oh! as warmly drink to him.

Drink down all unkindness.

—SHAKESPEARE.

TOBACCO.

Blessings on old Raleigh's head—
Though upon the block it fell—
For the knowledge he first spread
Of the herb I love so well!

Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike,
Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults if belles had faults to hide.
If to her share some female errors fall
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

—POPE.

God created woman only to tame man.

—VOLTAIRE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Britain's myriad voices call,
Sons, be welded, each and all
Into one imperial whole;
One with Britain heart and soul,
One fleet, one flag, one life, one throne—
Britons, hold your own!

—TENNYSON.

He who loves not his country can love nothing.

—BYRON.

Choose your friends wisely,
Test your friends well;
True friends like rarest gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, summer him,
Know your friend well.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.
—EMERSON.

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all to be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

—HERRICK.

Keep good company and you'll be of them.

Come fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of Repentance fling.
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter, and the Bird is on the Wing.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Not to enjoy ones youth when one is young is to imitate the miser who starves besides his treasures.

Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.
The purple-globed clusters their life dews have bled;
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines
That were garnered by maidens who laughed thro' the vines.

—HOLMES.

Never a lip is curved in pain
That cannot be kissed into smiles again.

—BRET HARTE.

Come, fill 'round a bumper, fill up to the brim:—
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him:—
Here's to the girl that each loves, be her eyes of what hue,
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.

—MOORE.

May those who enter the rosy paths of matrimony never meet with thorns.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning—
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
A thousand welcomes you'll find here before you!
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

—DAVIS.

Too sweet to last.

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills or fields
Or woods or sleepy mountains yield.

—MARLOWE.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them,—but not for love.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Come, messmates, fill the cheerful bowl!
To-night let no one fail,
No matter how the billows roll,
Or roars the ocean gale.
There's toil and danger in our lives,
But let us jovial be,
And drink to sweethearts and to wives
On Saturday night at sea!

—TAYLOR.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do't to-morrow.

—FLETCHER.

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as you please,
Tho' who could fill half-way to toasts such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting—and, oh, when we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!

—MOORE.

From humble Port to imperial Tokay.

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's court a form more fair
Than beauty here on earth has given:—
Keep but the lovely looks we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel ready made for Heaven.

—MOORE.

The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door!

—WORDSWORTH.

Divine in hookas, glorious in pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich
and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
Most dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar.

—BYRON.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

—LAMB.

Don't worry about the future,
The present is all thou hast,
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past.

Well, here's my comfort. —SHAKESPEARE.

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good Angel leave the rest,
The time will teach you soon enough
There are no birds in the last year's nest.

—HERRICK.

May the Spring-time of life never be visited by the Winter of despair.

Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than lover;
Drink and be merry, lads; half seas over.

—MULOCK.

A wilderness of sweets. —MILTON.

Drink today and drown all sorrow;
You shall, perhaps, not drink tomorrow;
Best while you have it, use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Use, do not abuse; neither abstinence nor excess renders a man happy. —VOLTAIRE.

Drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,—
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!
Oh, woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers played
It yields not half the tone!
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,—
The girl who gave to song
What gold can never buy!

They say women and music should never be dated. —GOLDSMITH.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change from thine.

—JONSON.

May you live as long as you like and have all you like as long as you live.

Drink ye to her that each loves best;
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

—CAMPBELL.

Woman: The fairest work of the Great Author; the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.

Drink, drink, drink!
Drink to the girl of your heart;
The wisest, the wittiest, the bravest, the prettiest,
May you never be far apart.

Marriage is either kill or cure.

Fill a glass with golden wine,
And the while your lips are wet,
Set their perfume upon mine and forget
Every kiss we take or give
Leaves us less of life to live.

—HENLEY.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms.

—MILTON.

Fill high the goblet! Envious Time
Steals, as we speak, our fleeting prime.
Away with hope! Away with sorrow!
Snatch thou to-day, nor trust to-morrow.

—HORACE.

When fortune smiles may we never squander her favors.

Fill me, boys, as deep a draught
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed;
But let the water amply flow
To cool the grapes' intemperate glow;
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song.

—MOORE.

Keep me at hand and as my fumes arise,
You'll find a JAR *the gates of paradise.*

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here!
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

—COWLEY.

Here then, bumpers, you rouges, bumpers.

—SHERIDAN.

Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

—MOORE.

Drink, and the world drinks with you; swear off, and you drink alone.

For though they almost blush to reign,
Though love's own flowers weave the chain,
Disguise the bondage as we will,
'Tis woman,—woman rules us still!

—LONGFELLOW.

One-half of me is yours—
The other half yours—
And so all yours. —SHAKESPEARE.

From barest rocks to bleakest shore
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—
God bless our Yankee girls!

—HOLMES.

Woman's bright empire never dies.

—MOORE.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And the same flower that blooms today,
Tomorrow may be dying.

—HERRICK.

Let's live in haste; use pleasures while we may:
Could life return, 'twould never lose a day.

—HERRICK.

"Go ask Papa," the maiden said,
But the young man knew that her Papa was dead;
He also knew the life that her Papa had led,
And he knew what she meant when she said,
"Go ask Papa!"

Bachelors: May they never impale their freedom upon the point of a steel pen.

God made man frail as a bubble;
God made Love, Love made Trouble.
God made the Vine; was it a sin
That Man made Wine to drown Trouble
in?

Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may;
The morrow 's life too late is,—live today!

—HERRICK.

God made the world—and rested,
God made man—and rested,
Then God made woman;
Since then neither God nor man has rested.

May we seek the society of women, but never chase her pleasure away.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
Who can call today his own—
He, who, secure within, can say:
"Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today."
Be foul or fair, be rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed
In spite of fate are mine!
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
And what's been,—has been, and I've had my hour.

—HORACE.

May we rise with the lark and participate in his lightness.

He said when first he saw me,
Life seemed at once divine,
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine;
Sometimes a voice in sleeping
Would all his hopes forbid;
And then he'd waken weeping—
Do you really think he did?

——SWAIN.

Beware of him who talks much of his virtue.

He told me the old, old story
Until I believed it true—
We were married—
Then: Any old story would do.

60

May women begin to doubt when men begin to swear fidelity.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad you wish for mair, man?
Wha kens before his life may end
What his share may be o' care, man?

—BURNS.

Here's to the wings of friendship—may they never molt a feather.

—DICKENS.

Here's a health to all those that we love,
And a health to all those that love us,
And a health to all those that love them that we love,
And to them that love those that love us.

Here's to Love,—the only fire against which there is no insurance.

CANADA.

Here's a maid of the North
And a maiden of worth,
A maid of the wheat fields and pine;
On her cheeks there is health,
In her hands there is wealth
Of the river and forest and mine.

America—half-brother of the world!—with something good and bad of every land.

—BAYLEY.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

—BYRON.

64

May the remembrances of affection never depart.

Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from:
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

May friendship propose the toast, and sincerity drink it.

Here's a turkey when you are hungry,
Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you are lonely,
And heaven when you die!

May our wants be so few as to enable us to relieve the wants of our friends.

Here's health to you and wealth to you,
Honors and gifts a thousand strong;
Here's name to you and fame to you,
Blessings and joy a whole life long!
But, lest bright Fortune's star grow dim,
And sometimes cease to move to you,
I fill my bumper to the brim,
And pledge a lot of love to you!

—TURNER.

May wine brighten the rays of friendship, but never diminish its lustre.

Here's hoping you will live one thousand years;
Here's hoping I will live one thousand years less one day!
How could I live on that day
Knowing that you had passed away!

May young hearts never be a prey to old cares.

Here's long life to the mother-in-law,
With all her freaks and capers,
For without our "dear old ma,"
What would become of comic papers?

60

May a bridal promise never be repented, nor the matrimonial bond regretted.

Here's rest for the weary,—
In peace rest his soul;
Good luck to the wanderer
Who's lost the keyhole!

A thing of custom;—'tis no other.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Here's to a long life and a merry one;
A quick death, and a painless one;
A pretty girl, and a loving one;
A cold bottle, and another one.

Lager, der girls, und der dollars—dey makes or dey breakes a man. —KIPLING.

Here's to blue eyes, brown eyes, to hazel
eyes and gray:
But what are the eyes I drink to today—
No matter the color; O, here's to the eye
That laughs when I laugh, and cries when
I cry!

Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall
bring,
And away every care and perplexity fling.

Here's to God's first thought, Man!
Here's to God's second thought, Woman!
Second thoughts are always best,
So here's to Woman!

'Tis as easy as lying. —SHAKESPEARE.

Here's to love, a thing divine;
Description doth but make it less.
'Tis what we feel but can't define,
'Tis what we know but can't express.

May neither time nor tide make us unfaithful, even if they make us unfortunate.

Here's to old Omar Khayyam—
I'm stuck on that beggar—I am!
His women and wine are something divine—
For his verses I don't care a damn!

May farewells be forgotten, welcomes perpetuated.

Here's to our sweethearts and our wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.

Here's to that most fascinating woman, the widow of some other man.

—CAROLUS AGER

Here's to our wives, who fill our lives
With little bees and honey!
They break life's shocks, they mend our socks,—
But don't they spend the money!

I'm thirty-one and a batcheler.

—DICKENS.

Here's to the Bachelor, so lonely and gay;
For it's not his fault, he was born that way.
And here's to the Spinster, so lonely and good;
For it's not her fault, she hath done what she could.

Here's to our bachelors, created by God for the consolation of widows and the hope of maidens!

Here's to the bride and mother-in-law,
Here's to the groom and father-in-law,
Here's to the sister and brother-in-law,
Here's to friends and friends-in-law,
May none of them need an attorney-at-law!

Love—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear!

—TUPPER.

Here's to the bride and mother-in-law,
Here's to the groom and father-in-law,
Here's to the sister and brother-in-law,
Here's to friends and friends-in-law,
May none of them need an attorney-at-law!

Love—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear!
—TUPPER.

Here's to the bride that is to be,
Happy and smiling and fair,
And here's to those who would like to be,
And are wondering when, and where.

May the ladies never be caught, like bees, by mere noise.

Here's to the Chaperone,
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

Kiss till the cows come home.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the Glass.

—SHERIDAN.

Woman: God's last, best gift to man.

Here's to the friends we love so well,
To those so far away!
If a drink of cheer would bring them here,
We would drink the livelong day.

Our absent friends! Although out of sight, we recognize them with our glasses.

Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,
Here's to the girl that's true;
Here's to the girl that rules my heart,—
In other words, here's to you!

May the coquetry of the maiden be adandoned when she assumes the station of wife.

Here's to the girl that I love,
And here's to the girl that loves me,
And here's to all those that love her that
I love,
And to those that love her that loves me.

When women love us, they forgive everything, even our crimes; when they do not love us, they do not credit even our virtues. —BALZAC.

Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who doesn't lose her head even for a minute,
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

Earth's noblest thing,—a woman perfected.
—LOWELL.

Here's to the girl with
Eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind and
Love is true.

Here's to the girl with
Eyes of brown,
Whose spirit proud you
Cannot down.

Here's to the girl with
Eyes of gray,
Whose sunny smile drives
Care away.

Whate'er the hue of their
Eyes may be,
I'll drink to the girls this
Toast with thee!

Women are coquettes by profession.

—ROUSSEAU.

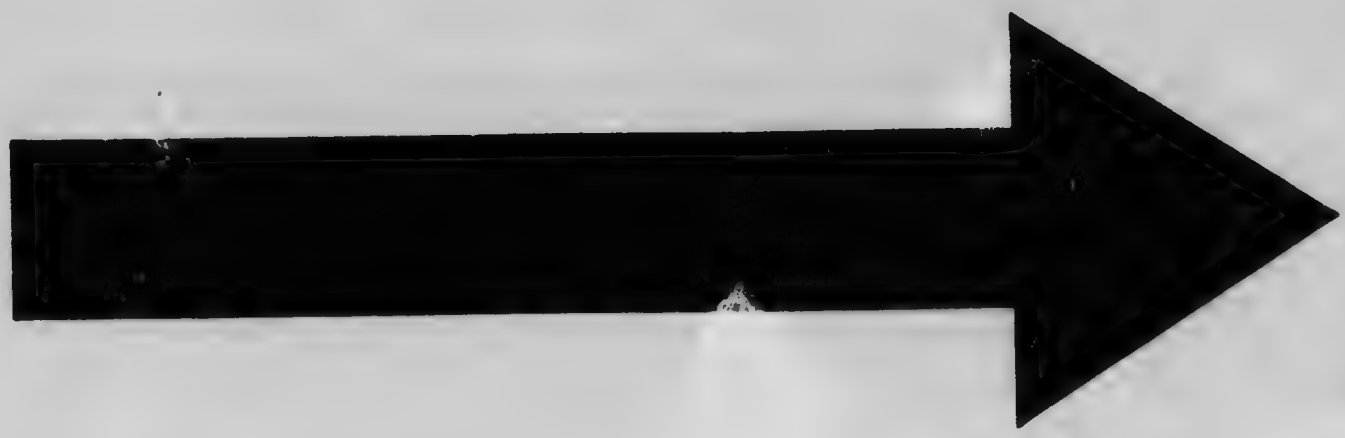
Here's to the gladness of her gladness when she's glad!
Here's to the sadness of her sadness when she's sad!
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Are not in it with her madness when she's mad!

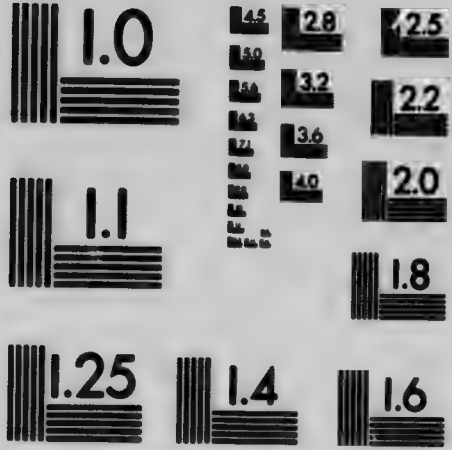
Woman,—she needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself!

Here's to the health of the happy pair,
May good luck meet them everywhere,
And may each day of wedded bliss
Be always just as sweet as this!

Look down you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown

—SHAKESPEARE.





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
And may God save old Ireland!—that's an Irishman's toast.

The queen of all islands is Erin, the blest.
—MOORE.

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses,
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.

Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say Good Night till it be morrow.

—SHAKESPEARE

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty;—
Let the toast pass:
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass!

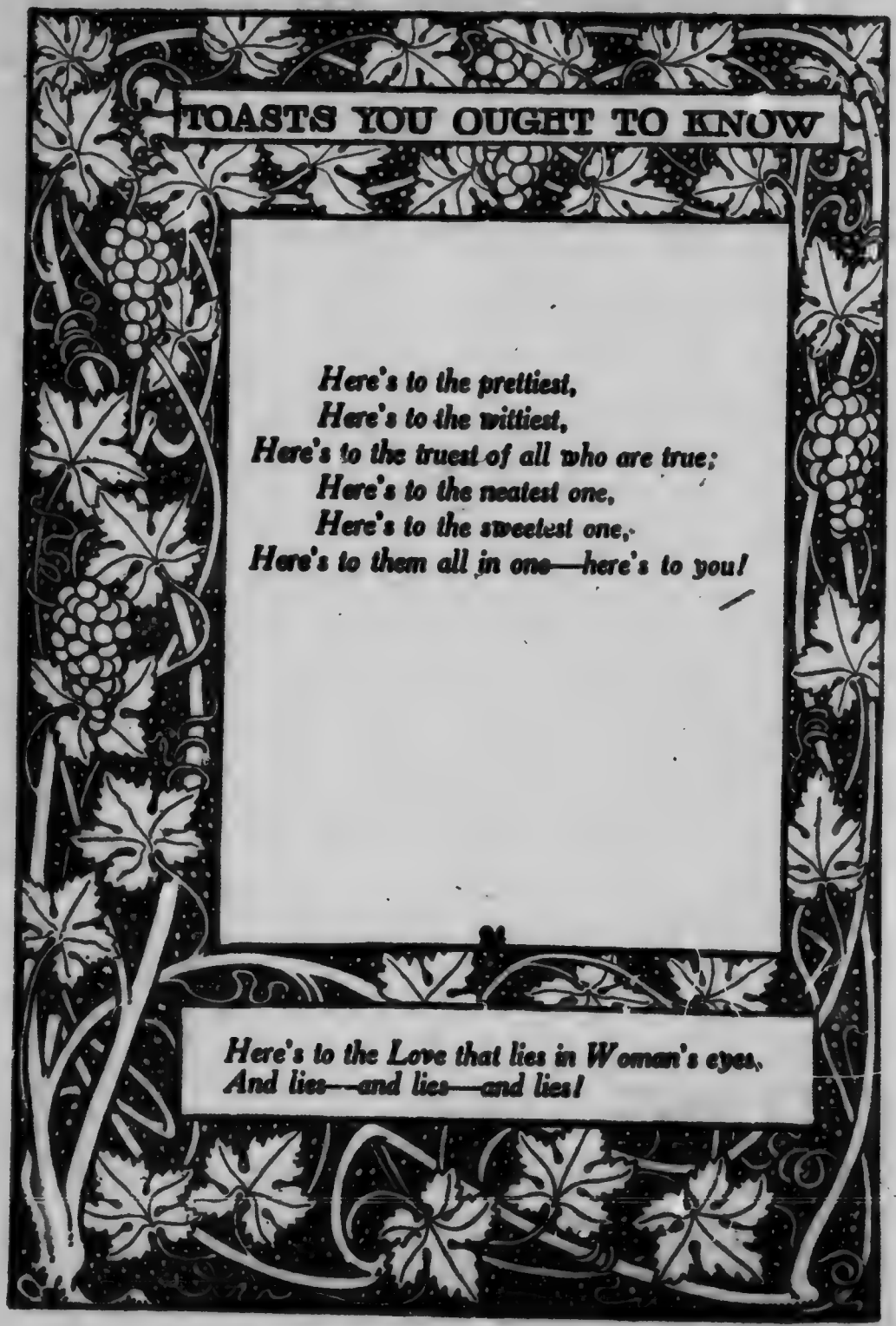
—SHERIDAN.

There is a secret drawer in every woman's heart.

—HUGO.

Here's to the man who loves his wife,
And loves his wife alone.
For many a man loves another man's wife,
When he ought to be loving his own.

How sad and bad and mad it was!—
But then, how it was sweet! —BROWNING.


TOASTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW
Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true;
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one—here's to you!
Here's to the Love that lies in Woman's eyes,
And lies—and lies—and lies!

Here's to the Rose that buds and grows—
Pluck it and call it your own;
For the rose may fade, and so will the maid,
If she lives too long alone.

May our imagination never run away with our judgment.

Here's to the ships of our navy,
Here's to the ladies of our land,
May the former be well rigged,
And the latter be well manned.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
—VAUGHN.

Here's to the smoke that curls in the air,
Here's to the dog at my feet;
Here's to the girls that have gone before,—
Gad! but their kisses were sweet!

May each lass have a true lover.

Here's to those who love us,
And here's to those who don't,
A smile for those who are willing to,
And a tear for those who won't.

May we never want a friend nor a bottle to give him!

—DICKENS.

Here's to woman! In hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Yet seen too oft—familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

May coquetry receive the reward of heartlessness.

Here's to woman, whose heart and whose soul
Are the light and the life of each spell we pursue;
Whether sunned at the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

The beauties of nature; may our hearts never become callous to their influence.

Here's to you, my dear,
And to the dear that's not here, my dear:
But if the dear that's not here, my dear,
Were here, my dear,
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear.

May we never look from home to find that which may be gained at home.

Here's to you two and to we two;
If you two love we two,
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we four;
But if you two don't love we two,
As we two love you two,
Then here's to we two and no more.

Let those love now who never loved before,
And those who always loved, now love the more!

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light,
Scatters around her wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways—
Roses of paradise fresh from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

—HOOD.

Beware of two black eyes.

I drink as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

—THACKERAY.

May our friendships be independent of time and be matured by character.

I drink to one, and only one,—
And may that one be he
Who loves but one, and only one,—
And may that one be me!

O pearl of all things, woman! Adored by the artist who created thee. —SCHILLER.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

—PICKNEY.

To love her was a liberal education.

—STEELE.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

—TENNYSON.

TO WOMAN

The loveliest flower that blooms under heaven.

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome, and witty, yet a friend.

—POPE.

May woman's charm be dependent on neither eyes, hair nor complexion, but on heart.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look at me;
I ne'er found nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.

—SHERIDAN.

May the memory of past blessings preserve a hope of future fortune.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

—JONSON.

May woman's trust ensure man's truth.

I takes my pipe, I takes my pot;
And drunk I am never seen to be;
I'm no teetotaler, or sot,
And as I am I mean to be.

—GILBERT.

May the bloom of the face never extend to the nose.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of Long Ago;
To the splendor, caught from Orient skies
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes,
Her large eyes filled with the fire of the south,
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.

—WINTER.

May personal enjoyment never make us forget those who depend on us for place.

I wish thee health,
I wish thee wealth,
I wish thee gold in store,
I wish thee heaven upon earth—
What could I wish thee more?

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.

—EMERSON.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be bye and bye,
Or any other reason why.

—JOHN SIRMOND.

He who loves not wine, woman, or song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

If you'd dip in such joys, come,—the better the quicker,
But remember the fee—for it suits not my ends
To let you make havoc, scot free, with my liquor,
As though I were one of your heavy-pursed friends.

—HORACE.

May pleasure never tempt us to forget that night was made for repose, day for action.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him ere Life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend until he's dead?

May our friends be in our hearts, whether they be remembered in wine or water.

I'm convinced a woman can
Love this, or that, or any other man;
This day she's melting hot,
Tomorrow swears she knows you not;
If she but a new object find,
Then straight she's of another mind.

—SUCKLING.

May strength characterize our love and habit feed the flame.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

—WHITTIER.

The memory of a great love can never die out of the heart.

In the desert a fountain is springing;
In the wild waste there still is a tree.
And a bird in the solitude singing,
That speaks to my spirit of thee.

—BYRON.

May innocence ever be allied to happiness.

Instruct me now what love will do;
'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.
Inform me next what love will do;
'Twill strangely make a one of two.
Teach me besides what love will do;
'Twill quickly mar, and make ye, too.
Tell me now, last, what love will do;
'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierced through!

—SUCKLING.

Linked sweetness long drawn out.

—MILTON.

Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops
Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall;
True friends, like ivy, and the wall it props,
Both stand together, or together fall.

May worth win hearts and constancy keep them.

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention her name;
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me a' on flame!

—BURNS.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort and command.

—WORDSWORTH.

It's hard for you-uns and we-uns;
It's hard for we-uns to part;
It's hard for you-uns and we-uns,
'Cause you-uns has we-uns's heart.

Here's to the Have-beens, the Are-nows and the May-bes.

Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
"Belle Marquise."
Wrought of rarest rose-Dubarry,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, doubtless,—but to marry—
No, Marquise.

—DOBSON.

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

—KIPLING.

Let's be gay while we may,
And seize love with laughter;
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a moment after.

Here's to love—sweet misery!

Let the learned talk of books,
The glutton of cooks,
The lover of Celia's soft smack—O!
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a pipe of accepted tobacco!

—FIELDING.

Take no physic but tobacco, which is a cure for almost all distempers.

—DE FOE.

Let us drink to the health of the bride,
Let us drink to the health of the groom,
Let us drink to the Parson who tied,
And to every guest in the room!

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

—POPE.

Love thee?—so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.

—MOORE

Partake of love as a temperate man partakes of wine; do not become intoxicated.

—DE MUSSET.

Love and wine are the bonds that fasten us all,
The world but for these to confusion would fall,
Were it not for the pleasures of love and good wine,
Mankind, for each trifle their lives would resign;
They'd not value dull life nor could live without thinking,
Nor would kings rule the world but for love and good drinking.

Pleasure has its time; so, too, has wisdom. Make love in thy youth, and in old age attend to thy salvation.

—VOLTAIRE.

AMERICA.

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer;
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

—MORRIS.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore!

—HOLMES.

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal "health" goes round,
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high—
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

—COWLEY.

Eat, drink, be merry; seize the present hour;
Deem not the future, holds a fairer flower.

Now, boys, just a moment! You've all had yaur say,
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.
We've toasted our sweethearts, our friends and our wives,
We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;
'Tis one in a million, and outshines the rest;—
Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all others,—
But drink one more toast, boys, a toast to "Our Mothers!"

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive. —COLERIDGE.

To Woman.

O [illegible] of creation! last and best
Of all [illegible] works! Creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.

—MILTON.

A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying—and a deal of lying.

O lady, there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love.

—HOLMES.

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.

—GLADSTONE.

Oh, here's to the good, and the bad men, too,
For without them saints would have nothing to do!
Oh, I love them both, and I love them well,
But which I love better, I never can tell!

To man, who, by his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way has shown!
—WHITTIER.

Oh! talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet one-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty!

—BYRON.

May age ensure wisdom; youth, innocence.

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue—
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace, that time makes strong,
All these I prize, but (entre nous)
Old friends are best.

—DOBSON.

I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.

—GOLDSMITH.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get and salad, both,
Let them each be fresh and green,
With small beer, good ale and wine.
O, ye gods! How I shall dine!

Fill to your mistress' lips,
We drink this health to you.

One bumper at parting! Though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it
Is always so slow to come forth
That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But oh, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die in the tears of the cup!

—BYRON.

May discretion preside over our cups.

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law,
Beyond its own sweet will.

—WHITTIER.

May nothing divert us from our love, and may our love never divert us from our duty.

Once more fill a bumper—never talk of the hour;
Our hearts once united, old Time has no power.
May our lives, tho' alas!—like the wine of tonight,
They must soon have an end,—to the last, flow as bright!

—MOORE.

Let us never attempt to lighten care by drowning reason.

One cup in joy before the banquet ends,
One thought for vanished, for transfigured friends;
Stars on the living cope of heaven embossed,
The heaven of love that o'er us beams and bends.

—GOSSE.

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it to the last article.

—SHAKESPEARE.

One kiss from all others prevents me,
And sets all my pulses astir,
And burns on my lips and torments me:
'Tis the kiss that I fain would give her.

One kiss for all others requites me,
Although it is never to be,
And sweetens my dreams and invites me:
'Tis the kiss that she dare not give me.

—LOWELL.

To Love! for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him.

—MOORE.

AMERICA

Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant over our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

—LOWELL.

And thou, my Country, thou shalt never fall
But with thy children. —BYANT.

Our hearts where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith, and our hope and our honor,
We pledge to our native soil.

—KIPLING.

Our country is that spot to which our heart is bound.

—VOLTAIRE.

Pass me the wine. To those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate and deep,
I pour libation.

—DOBSON.

The Hoods that cover free heads: Bachelorhood and Widowhood.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands, unsightly,
When wine he knew
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly?

—MOORE.

There is no soak without some fire-water.

She'll learn to smoke a cigarette
And drink a glass of wine;
She'll get a breakfast, lunch, or tea,
An appetite to dine;
She'll flirt in dress decolette,
She'll think a kiss no sin;
And that's the kind of a summer girl—
Alas! that seems to win.

May the head be never so heavy as to capsize the boat.

She is pretty to walk with,
She is pretty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

—SUCKLING.

May our hearts never be fired by mere beauty.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no ten commandments an' a man can raise a thirst.

—KIPLING.

The more you drink the more you crave.

—POPE.

Since we parted yester-eve,
I do love thee, Love, believe
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer; thus much more
Than I loved thee, dear, before.

—MEREDITH.

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

—COOLRIDGE.

Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each choosing each through all the weary hours
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

—ARNOLD.

Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.

—LONGFELLOW.

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A drum was memento mori;
But a full-flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

—BURNS.

Here's to the land we love, and the "love" we "land."

Then stand to your glasses steady,
And drink to your comrade's eyes;
Here's a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

A full tumbler to every good fellow, a good tumble to every bad one.

The cup that is longest untasted
May be with our bliss running o'er,
And, love when we will, we have wasted
An age in not loving before.

—WILLIS.

Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art! —MRS. HEMANS.

The daylight is gone, but before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,—
The kindest, the dearest,—oh, judge by the tear
I now shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!

—MOORE

His heart was as great as the world, but th
was no room in it to hold the memory of wron

—EMERSON

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

—SHELLEY.

TO BEAUTY'S LIPS

May they never be surrendered save at discretion.

The Frenchman loves his native wine;
The German loves his beer;
The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his "whisky straight,"
Because it gives him dizziness;
The American has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole d—— business.

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg,
But do not drink any further, I beg!

—LONGFELLOW.

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the earth—
But the hand that holds four aces!—
Bet on it for all you're worth.

Money rules the world.

The Pretty Girl who gets a kiss
And goes and tells her mother
Does a very foolish thing
And don't deserve another.

May suspicion never mar the lover's happiness.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

Fill all the glasses then, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

—COWLEY.

Friendship's the wine of life.

The woods are full of fairies,
The sea is full of fish;
But the thing I want is a woman,—
And that's a manly wish.

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be. —COXTER.

The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with love
For you, and you, and you.

May innocence in life ensure purity as life advances.

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

—HOLMES.

Reputation is a great inheritance. —SENECA.

Then fill the bowl—away with care,
Our joy shall always last,—
Our hopes shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.

—MOORE.

In whose heart there is no song
To him the miles are many and long.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear
it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, what e'er
the liquid be,
And may the cherubs on its face, protect
me from the sin
That dooms me to those dreadful words,
My dear, where have you been?"

—HOLMES.

Woman's weapons, water-drops.

Then fill the cup, fill high! fill high!
Let Joy our goblets crown;
We'll bang Misfortune's scowling eye,
And knock Foreboding down.

—LOWELL.

Drink wine, and live here blitheful while ye may!
The tomorrow's life too late is—live today!

—HERRICK.

Then here's to thee, old friend; and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life ere it fleet.

Friend more divine than all divinities.

—ELIOT.

There are no times like the old times—
they shall never be forgot;
There is no place like the old place—
keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like the old friends
—may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like the old loves,—
God bless our loving wives!

—HOLMES.

After man came woman,—and she has been after him ever since.

There's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more,—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

—BURNS.

If wine tells truth, and so have said the wise;
It makes me laugh to think how brandy lies.

—HOLMES.

"They are fools who kiss and tell," wisely
hath the poet sung,
Man may hold all sorts of posts, if he'll
only hold his tongue.

—KIPLING.

A woman's tongue keeps no Sunday.

They say there's microbes in a kiss,
This rumor is most rife,
Come, lady dear, and make of me
An invalid for life.

When women believe, may men never deceive.

They talk about a woman's sphere as
though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it.

Woman, may she ever remain the guard of man's virtue.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

—MOORE.

May we trust those we love, but never tempt them by neglect.

This lesson oft in life I sing,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee old as I.

—MOORE.

I drink to the days that are. —MORRIS.

Time is short, life is short,
Life is sweet, love is sweet, use to-day
while you may;
Love is sweet, and to-morrow may fail;
Love is sweet, use to-day.

—ROSSETI.

Stolen kisses are always sweeter. —HUNT.

Those eyes whose light seemed rather given
To be adored than to adore--
Such eyes as may have looked from heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before.

—MOORE.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.

—BYRON.

Thou art ever a favored guest
In every fair and brilliant throng,—
No wit like thine to make the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song.

—MOORE.

May friendship, like wine, improve as time advances.

Thou wouldst be loved, if so,
Then from thy present pathway part not.
Be everything that thou art,
Be nothing that thou art not;
So with the world, thy gentle ways,
Thy grace and more than beauty,
Will be an endless theme of praise,
And love a simple duty.

—POE.

May the sunshine of plenty dispel the clouds of care.

Till we are built like angels, with hammer, and chisel, and pen,
We will work for ourselves and a woman, forever and ever, Amen!

—KIPLING.

Put the light out and all women are alike.

—FROM THE GERMAN.

'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip,
But O! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind;
But unlike affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

—MOORE.

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter. Sermons and soda-water the day after.

—BYRON.

'Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that when we are far from the lips that we love
We've but to make love to the lips that are near.

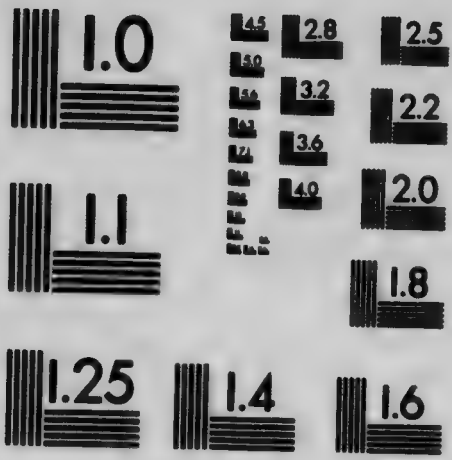
—MOORE.

All's fair in love and war.

To every lovely lady bright,
I wish a gallant faithful knight;
To every faithful lover, too,
I wish a trusting lady true.

—SCOTT.

All mankind loves a lover. —EMERSON.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

OUR COUNTRY

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what may,
The stars and stripes forever!

"No solid South, no solid North, save when solid for the flag of the Union." —MCKINLEY.

To the bride and the bridegroom! come pledge them,
Be the wine of love sweet to their lips,
The star of good luck in ascendant,
Misfortune for aye in eclipse.

May all their troubles be little ones.

To the English-speaking Races:—The founders of commonwealths, pioneers of progress, stubborn defenders of liberty,—may they ever work together for the world's welfare!

—CURTIS.

I give you England and America. May there never be any dividing line but the Atlantic between them.

—DICKENS.

To those who love us second fill;
But not to those whom we love:
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third—"to thee and me, Love!"

—BURNS.

God knows what mischief may arise
When love links two young people in one fetter.

—BYRON.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you,
Unless you can love as the angels may
With the breath of Heaven betwixt you,
Unless you can know that his faith is fast
Through behooving and unbehooving,
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh never call it loving.

—BROWNING.

Two-thirds of life is spent in hesitating, and the other third in repenting.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavored and disputed;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own,
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

—HERRICK.

We came into this world naked and bare,
We go through this world full of sorrow and care;
We go out of this world—we know not where—
But if we're thoroughbreds here, we'll be thoroughbreds there.

May the bumper of life be filled, but not with follies.

We may live without books,—
What is knowledge but grieving.
We may live without hope,—what is hope
but deceiving.
We may live without love,—what is pas-
sion but pining;
But where is the man who can live with-
out dining?

—MEREDITH.

A good dinner sharpens wit, while it softens the heart.

We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

—[redacted] E.

May we never allow any servants to become our masters.

We might be better
If we would,
But it's very lonely
Being good;
and
According to Scripture.
You must own,
Man was not built
To be alone.

—LAMPTON.

May we never abandon present happiness by looking back on past circumstances.

We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

—HOFFMAN

May care never cause us to abandon innocent amusement.

"Well," murmured one, "let whoso make or buy,
My clay with long oblivion is gone dry;
But, fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover bye and bye."

OMAR KHAYYAM

May our wants be subjected to our reason.

Were't the last drop in the well
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink!

—BYRON.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

—SHAKESPEARE.

What is first love worth
Except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring?
Only regret for the first.

—HAY.

May our purses always be heavy and our hearts always light.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
When years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial—the first kiss of love.

—BYRON.

May we realize in dreams the presence of those who are away.

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

—DRAKE.

Our Country, may she always be in the right —but right or wrong—Our Country.

—DECATUR.

While there's life on the lip, while there's warmth in the wine,
One deep health I'll pledge, and that health shall be thine!

—MEREDITH.

Here's to friendship—Love without his wings.

—BYRON.

Without a tongue a woman can keep still,
This I admit.
That with a tongue a woman can keep still,
I don't believe a bit.

—QUIZ.

Reputation is one of the attributes of virtue.

—JAMES ELLIS.

Would eyes of blue to me be true
When stacks of blue take wings?
Since stacks of blue are shy of late
Blue eyes must wait with other things.

May woman's sorrow be as the dew, her hope warm as the sunshine.

Yesterday this Day's madness did prepare
Tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair;
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

May we never meet misfortune half way by anticipating her movements.

You are the last—though other women knew
The other years, yet it was only you
Who left me lonlier than when you came,
Ah, love, my dying lips shall call your name!—
You are the last.

—BECKER.

May fair bosoms be the habitations of pure hearts.

You may talk of a woman's constancy,
And the love that can never die,
But here's health to a woman's coquetry,
And the pleasure of saying "Good-bye"!

—AN AUTOGRAPH TOAST
AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

When affection paints the portrait may critics' mouths be shut.

You may write it on his tombstone,
You may cut it on his card,
That a young man married
Is a young man marred.

—KIPLING.

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell.

—BYRON.

TOPICAL INDEX

Affection 64, 205
America 63, 130, 144
Bachelors 12, 15, 55, 77, 78, 146
Books 15, 137
Beauty 23, 37
Brides 79, 80, 127, 185
Britain 27
Canada 63
Chaperone, The 81
Christmas 29
Constancy 32, 74, 121, 205
Drinking 8, 9, 17, 19, 20, 31, 35, 41, 42, 44, 49, 51, 66, 111, 114, 115, 131, 146, 150, 153, 154, 158, 161, 165, 175, 189, 194, 195, 203
Eating 66, 138, 191, 192
English-Speaking Race, The 186
Eyes 72, 87, 103, 109, 177
Farewell 206
Fickleness of Woman 117
Fortune 48, 67, 109, 189
Friends 10, 12, 15, 28, 61, 83, 98, 108, 116, 137, 142, 152, 156, 168
Friendship 24, 36, 61, 65, 67, 68, 96, 104, 121, 142, 161, 178, 200
Good-bye 205
Good Company 29
Good Fellows 10
Health 10, 67, 113
Home 101
Husbands 15
Ireland 90
Jest Girls 22, 43, 53, 82, 84, 85, 86, 87, 91, 92, 148
Kisses 11, 20, 25, 31, 44, 47, 81, 91, 97, 143, 160, 171, 172, 176, 198
Ladies' Toast 22
Life 20, 44, 47, 54
Long Ago 112
Long Life 44, 68, 71
Love 7, 14, 21, 23, 34, 40, 47, 56, 62, 64, 67, 74, 79, 85, 102, 107, 118, 120, 125, 128, 129, 134, 140, 143, 151, 155, 157, 163, 176, 182, 187, 188, 197

Marriage 12, 46, 124
Matrimony 32, 41, 69, 79, 89, 127, 206
Men 135
"Merry Quips" 40, 55, 57, 59, 60, 69, 70, 95, 96, 99, 159, 166
167, 172, 190, 193, 202
Mother-in-Law, The 69
Music 43
Nature 100
Old Times 104, 137, 169
Omar Khayam 75
Our Country 27, 130, 144, 145, 184
Our Mothers 132
Parting 91, 123, 139, 142, 151, 156
Past and Present 11, 18, 20, 31, 39, 165
Patriotic 27, 53, 63, 90, 96, 130, 144, 145, 184, 186, 199
Pledge, A 44
Reasons for Drinking 114
Smiles 31
Sweethearts 32, 35, 45, 46, 76
Temperance 42
Time 30, 31, 48, 54, 141
Tobacco 15, 25, 38, 49, 111, 124, 126
To-day and To-morrow 17, 20, 30, 35, 39, 40, 42, 48, 50, 54,
56, 58, 131, 165, 167
To Her 26, 43, 45, 46, 85, 106, 112, 122, 149
To Him 24, 105
To Thee .... 7, 33, 34, 44, [illegible], 84, 94, 101, 110, 113, 119, 151, 163,
178, 179, 187, 196, 200 204
Vampire Club Toast 18
Wealth 67 113
Welcome 8, 13, 33
Widows 76, 92
Wine 7, 9, 20, 36, 47, 50, 56, 129, 147, 164, 170
Wives 16, 35, 76, 77, 84, 93, 169
Woman 7, 16, 17, 22, 26, 37, 43, 45, 46, 52, 53, 57, 73, 80, 82,
85, 86, 87, 88, 92, 94, 99, 100, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108, 112, 122,
133, 162, 169, 173, 180, 181, 196, 201
Youth 11, 30. 40. 136

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS

CONTRIBUTED TOASTS